

find the world a good, or at worst, a
supremely interesting
place

Bernard Shaw tells two stories of Sidney Webb as a young man, which are highly illuminating. When he was a Colonial Office clerk, he and Shaw were on holiday in France. To the post office Webb, talking French admirably and looking quite like a French bourgeois, conveyed a vast parcel of official papers. These, he insisted, could go through the post for a halfpenny. The clerk protested. He insisted. If the code were consulted, it would be found that para X on p X vol X, entitled him to despatch official papers at this rate. The clerk, impressed, wavered. He consulted his superior. That functionary, bi ought down the volume cited—and, of course, Webb was right. After that, as Shaw says, he could have posted all his laundry home for a halfpenny.

The other story is even more interesting. Again the two were abroad together, this time in Haarlem, in a tram. Into this tram, a young man consigned to prison, was brought by his guard. He was not handcuffed but to his wrists a long chain was fastened. Plainly he was wretched, selfconscious, ashamed, an outcast. The tiam stopped near the prison he was led out by his guard, between the long lines of other passengers, looking about him miserably. Suddenly, his head lifted, his expression cleared, something almost like a smile played over his lips. He had recovered his self-respect. How

had this
happened^p The explanation was simple
Earhei in
the day Shaw and Webb had, as travellers
will, purchased
a large piece of marzipan They had eaten
enough
perhaps even a trifle too much. Yet a large
lump remained,
bulging in Sidney's pocket As the young
person^{cr} was
led past him, he had stuffed the sweet into
his hand
This warm humanity rather than his superb
efficiency,
bound Shaw, Obviei and Wallas to
him, and made